

ENOUGH ITEMS

In This Column to Fill The Globe if "Padded."

HELD UP ON THE AVENUE

By All Sorts and Conditions of Men Who Fill the Reporter's Note Book With Live News Items of a Variety to Suit All Tastes and of General Interest—What a Walk of Eleven Blocks Developed.

In a trip down the Avenue last night from 11th to 1st streets, The Globe man was held up at least a dozen times by citizens full of information which they desired to see in type this morning. Taking this information in the order of its sequence and merely epitomizing it, our readers will see for themselves the real live news as honest and popular newspaper can pick up in eleven blocks of the National Capital.

Said the first gentleman, who wore a G. A. R. button, "You vindicated Capt. Halleck very nicely, for which I am very much obliged, but please ask the Comptroller of the Treasury why two salaries are paid the captain when the same was denied Chief Clerk Geddes, of the Agricultural Department."

"Explain, how does Capt. Halleck got around it?"

"Well, he is a retired army officer, isn't he? Very good, he draws his allowance as such, and, of course, gets his salary as Captain of the watch in the Interior Department. I am a friend of the Captain, I am, yes, sir, but no two salaries goes with me."

"I say, Mr. Globe," said a gentleman who turned suddenly from his window of a store where he was sizing up the summer hats, "why don't you publish the fact that Major Anderson, our paymaster, who is drawing a pension for total disability, of \$12 per month, holds down this Government job? How can a man drawing a pension for total disability fill a Government position?"

While The Globe was trying to figure this problem out, the gentleman fled, leaving us without information as to who Paymaster Anderson is or what job he fills.

"There is a man named Exley who resides at 1230 G st. N. E., who is the victim of the prejudice which exists in the Departments against the old soldier," said an indignant friend of the Globe, as we reached the crossing on the Avenue at 7th street.

"Can you state his particular case?"

"Yes; here it is in a nutshell. He was reported to the Congressional Library as eligible for a librarian's job. The people up there took his name and promised him the first vacancy. He hung around for months, but no vacancy. In fact, he was waiting for an employee to die. Finally, one day he was talking to a grocer near his house about the matter when the grocer opened his eyes a little bit.

An Italian, hardly able to speak English, who used to sell the grocer bananas, oranges, etc., had not called for a few days, and finally, his nephew, recently imported, came around with the push-cart.

"Where is your uncle, Tony—gone back to Italy?"

"No, not much; he got jobs; fine jobs in libraries, and the too will get jobs there soon."

An investigation by the ex-venter developed the fact that the Italian push-cart vender of bananas and peanuts got the job by paying the librarian \$100.00. What do you think of that for the capital of the nation and the Congressional Library?"

The Globe thinks it is almost beyond belief. It is an infamous outrage, and if the Grand Army committee does not investigate it the G. A. R. organization might just as well quietly dissolve and save the expense of running this now ornamental organization.

"I want to call your attention, when you are out that way, Mr. Globe, to M street, between 11th and 12th streets, or M street west of 12th street, as 11th street don't run out that far."

"What is the trouble?"

"Oh! It is the Commissioners play the little game for the benefit of their particular friends. There is a big hole on M street, and a dump has been established there. Warner, the real estate man, owns the property which will front on that street. The District is filling up the street for him, and now he says the Commissioners are about to lay down an artificial stone sidewalk."

"What! no houses there?"

"No; of course not. Nor won't be. But you see it will help Warner to sell the lots. Look around the suburbs and see the rows of residences without any kind of sidewalk in front of them. The owners of these don't stand in, you see, and hence they paddle through the mud. When we get home rule these things will not happen, and all citizens and property owners will be treated alike."

"Do you know that Lieutenant Rhinberg, of the Interior Department watch, got his son in the State Department as a clerk?"

"Well, what of that?"

"Oh, nothing! only that besides being nepotism, the Lieutenant has played a sharp trick on the Civil Service Commission."

"How?"

"Well, you see, the son was born in this city. He was raised, of course, here, on Government money. He wanted to get in Government employment, but being from the District he operated against him, as the District's quota was full. So his father sent him to Philadelphia, where his mother hailed from."

"Yes."

"They lived just long enough there for the young man to secure his appointment as a Pennsylvania representative from the Civil Service Commission, and now he is O. K. Father and son are doing well."

And this informant entered the Metropolitan as The Globe man proceeded on his much interrupted route.

At the door of the National Hotel, however, a Botany Bay emphyse held us up and said:

"I wish you would ask Castle to-

morrow why big Chief Johnson was not invited to the evening blow-out Castle and his lady and gentlemen friends had at Cabin Johns Sunday evening last.

"What! Johnson in the party?"

"No; and thereat I am struck with astonishment. There must be something wrong, and I want Johnson to know of the feast, as he reads The Globe before church service every Sunday morning."

"Say, you just tell Mullin that the Census office people are becoming tired of his actions in the vicinity of the office. He will look and in the evening."

"What's the matter with Mullin, and who is he? The Globe is in a hurry?"

"Well, he wants to be sheriff of his county over in Maryland, but the first thing he knows there will be a big sensation if this man is not headed off. He will read The Globe and know what's up; that's all, and the mysterious informant who knew The Globe man, trotted off, having performed a conscientious duty, no doubt, but leaving us much in the dark."

"My name is B. F. Pierce, and I live out at Bethesda, Mr. Globe," said a medium-sized, black-bearded man with a slight impediment in his utterance. "I want to tell you my treatment by Chief Clerk Geddes, of the Agricultural Department."

"Well, all right, Mr. Pierce."

"I wrote Secretary Wilson, through my attorney, on a matter of business and he told me not to like."

"What was it?"

"A friend of his owed me \$15 for board, and I wrote the Secretary to that effect. I waited two months for a reply. I finally, accompanied by a lady detective, visited Secretary Wilson and told him the facts. He sent for Geddes and asked him to produce my letter. Geddes, after some search, brought in the letter. The Secretary read it two months after it was written to him. I told the Secretary what was the use of any person writing to him if Geddes could hold up the letters."

"What did Mr. Wilson say?"

"He didn't say much, only that Geddes was a fool, and in future it should not occur."

"Why don't you touch up Hay, superintendent job room of the G. P. O.?"

"Well, he is one of the 'whole things,' and it is a mystery how Palmer came to employ him."

"Why?"

"Well, it is a long story, but briefly, before Palmer put him in charge of the job room he represented a trust type house. He used to visit the printing office and give the old man half-fax. Tales he told there would raise the hair off our heads, such as he purchased \$100,000 worth of type at one lick in Chicago. You see, when Palmer was fired by Cleveland, he took Hay with him on his newspaper, and after the sheet 'busted' Hay hired out to a trust house, and when Palmer came back as Public Printer, of course we looked for the return of Hay, but he did not materialize for a couple of years, although calling regularly at the G. P. O. on his trips for the house he represented."

"You insist, don't you, that Palmer heard the tales Hay was spinning and gave him a job to shut his mouth?"

"That's about the size of it, as Hay has had his own way in the 'snap' he holds down and nobody ever has the right to touch him. The whole outfit as much as Hay did."

And the G. P. O. man entered Bun Bryan's saloon, as The Globe man crossed the street.

"I see Mr. Tapley, our chief electrician at the G. P. O., is also the electrician of the Washington Monument, and the chances are his name is on three payrolls," said a lady employee of the G. P. O.

"Tapley is doing well."

"Yes, indeed; but say a funny thing happened, you know. Frank Powers, who is the brains up there in the electrical room, was sent for the wrong man to mend the electric apparatus. After discovering the case, he admonished the party in charge what was necessary to be done, and prepared himself to do it, when he was knocked off his feet by a tumbler before some one of the sensational reporters of the Star gets on to them and writes them up."

"As bad as that?"

"Why, yes. I saw a note on the street dropped by a bicycle rider, and a mounted policeman."

"Oh, no, this was a citizen, a simple 'friend' of the policeman. Well, I do not call at the house, see."

"You see lots of things?"

"I keep my eyes peeled, and you tell them coppers to scatter from that corner; you hear me?"

She Lives Near The Sunday Globe.

Your press makes dreadful noise, said a lady living near The Sunday Globe Printing office.

"Indeed?"

"Yes, I suppose I will get used to it. But what do you print?"

"The Sunday Globe, and—"

"The Sunday Globe, and—Well, I never. You print that paper?"

"Yes."

"Maybe I am talking to the editor?"

"No; one of the hired hands."

"I would like to tell that editor that he has no business to correct the lives of women if they want to have a time."

"He doesn't—unless they are arrested."

"Oh—well, I don't mean those kind of women."

"Who are you speaking for?"

"Women of my class—ladies who like to have a good time as well as the men. This is a free country and a woman has the right to enjoy herself without being written up by your editor."

He won't write you up. Go ahead and enjoy yourself, and the hired hand has done the deed.

HOW JOE SMITH

Bluffed the President and Forced Mr. Boyle's Appointment.

A CHAPTER OF SECRET HISTORY

The Night of President McKinley's First Inauguration and the Scene in the White House—The Subsequent Scene in Which Joe Smith Struck the Table and Swore the President into Mr. Boyle's Appointment.

"Did you ever get a tip on the scene in the White House the night of the day (March 4, 1897) when President McKinley was first inaugurated?" said a gentleman whose position qualifies him to speak authoritatively on the subject of the White House and its present occupants.

"To what particular scene do you refer?" inquiringly answered The Globe man.

"Well, let me tell you the story, and you can stop me if it is familiar to you, but I guess not. It occurred about 11 p.m. that night. This was present the late Joe Smith, the present consul general to Liverpool, James Boyle, Col. C. O. L. Cooper, private secretary to Attorney General Knox, and the President. Joe was not present at the inauguration, but he was in the story, as the novel writers put it, but he came in about half past seven, and going right over to where the President was half reclining on a chair smoking a cigar. Joe slapped him on the back and demanded, 'What Mr. President, at the opening of the White House? The President looked up smilingly at Joe and replied:

"Yes, Joe; and I am glad the ordeal of today is over."

"Now, Mr. President, for I'll have to get used to this addressing you, we must take care of the friends that put you here, and there are no three men engaged in the campaign that did as much as we three to make you President of the United States."

"I acknowledge it gratefully, Joe; sit down. Boyle, Cooper, and myself were having a social talk."

"Joe took a seat and remained silent a few moments, when he again permitted his hilarity to get the better of his discretion, and he blurted out:

"I say, Majors, I want you to take care of these two boys (meaning Boyle and Cooper). They have faithfully earned everything you can give them, and while I am on this subject, Mr. President—you see I have the hang of the thing now—I want to say that friends first and strangers next is my motto, and as for our enemies—show them the door. We have done the hypocrite in our own party and State, and by— we will keep 'em down, too. If you recognize a single one of these things you will drive a nail in your political coffin, and Joe Smith will hunt his hole and put the hole in after him."

The President was evidently amused by Joe rather than nettled or embarrassed, and his replies were soothing to the great Urbana mud slinger, for, after remaining a half hour, he took his leave and left the room.

"Subsequently, and several weeks after this interview, Boyle, who was pressing the President in true Johnny Ball style for the consulate to his native Liverpool, informed Joe that he thought the President was going back on him. Boyle was downhearted and was commencing to decidedly funk. Joe cheered him up and assured him that it was all right, and that he would compel the President to give him the appointment."

"This shilly-shallying went on for some time, and Boyle could not get anything definite from the President. In sheer desperation he hunted up Joe, and informed him that he had given up all hopes. He thought he knew the President's private secretary, and he was satisfied Mr. McKinley was going to throw him down."

"I will go back to Cincinnati to work on the Commercial Gazette, and I will never write another American politician in my life," said Mr. Boyle.

"Joe was made clear through, as he was a loyal friend, though exceedingly bitter in his resentments. He accumulated a good-sized jag, and late in the evening he went to the White House, as luck would have it, both Cooper and Boyle were sitting with the President in his private room when Joe plunged in, and, with a burst of profanity, exclaimed:

"I want this thing settled right here and now, and by G— Boyle will be consul to Liverpool or I will raise hell!"

"This business has gone far enough, I tell you, by G—," and he struck the table a violent blow with his clenched hand.

"You can't monkey on this matter any longer, and if you are going to throw down the men who made you President, by G—, you know no idea of it, and—"

"The bare words conveyed no idea of this extraordinary scene of violence. Boyle and Cooper were white with astonishment and probably fear. The President flushed slightly, but maintained a calm exterior as they seized his hand, and he grasped and wrung convulsively, as he shouted rather than spoke:

"Mac-Major! I mean Mr. President, I am here for business, and you know me. This man, 'Jimmy' Boyle, served you like a slave, so has Cooper, and you know what I have done. Now, what is it—the cause of this delay? Boyle is tired. I am tired, and your friends are tired. Why in— and you don't fire and clean out this whole gang and put your friends in the office with you?"

The President gently led Joe to a seat, and smiled placidly as he soothingly complimented him on the warmth of his advocacy for our friend Boyle."

"But Joe came to have a fight to a finish, and the President's customary hypnotic power over him failed to Joe by motions, signs, and, finally, in immediate appeal, with much emphasis and a generous amount of sweat on his forehead. Even Boyle tried to quiet an interrupted appeal. Two interruptions either conciliate or calm him, and he came from the President, who beckoned Mr. Boyle to approach, and restored his temper, as he reached the President's side, and he rushed toward Joe with sparkling eyes and flushed face, and, holding out both hands, exclaimed:

"Oh, Joe! Oh, Joe! Congratulate me, the kind, good President has just named me he will appoint me tomorrow."

Joe wrung Boyle's hands, and feeling that he had gone quite a distance with the good-natured President, he approached and thanked him. The President shook his hand and, excusing himself left the room. When he was gone the President spoke of him warmly as a faithful friend and generous ally, and this put both Boyle and Cooper at their ease. The appointment was made the next day, as Mr. McKinley did not hanker after a second visit from Joe under such conditions or circumstances. It should be stated that both Mr. Boyle and Mr. Smith had lived here might have obtained something better for Cooper, who was, by the way, the real confidential man of the two to the President. He put up all his correspondence, speeches, etc. Cooper has been badly treated, considering the relations which existed between himself and the President. His present position he secured himself without the President's assistance, and he left the White House service when Attorney General Griggs, the predecessor of Mr. Knox, offered him the private secretaryship. Col. Cooper is a typical American, of proud and independent spirit. He was no match for the Englishman Boyle in 'faffing' the President or bowing the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift might follow fawning, hence the comparatively poor reward he is enjoying.

Boyle, carrying around in his bosom secrets which other men could and would utilize to secure a much higher position in the public service and under the administration he did so much to boost him up, fell without being removed, as per contract with the Washington Fertilizing Company.

The contract for the removal of garbage, dead animals, etc., calls for a daily service inside the boundary of Florida avenue. The removal of such does not average two days each week, while the contractors are paid for a daily service. From fifteen to twenty complaints are filed each day at the District office, and the inspectors report that these complaints are well founded, and that the garbage and decaying vegetable matter litter the streets as well as the outhouses, alleys, etc. The offensive odors, to say nothing of the more serious danger of an epidemic arising from the neglect, is of universal complaint among householders. The query is being put by people cognizant of this state of affairs, how can the District Auditor sign the vouchers of the Washington Fertilizing Company when the circumstances and under such palpable and flagrant violations of their contract?

It is the duty of veterinary surgeons to report the demise of horses under their care, or even the deaths of those of which they are cognizant. Dr. Robinson, the well-known veterinary surgeon, reported to the District office the death of a horse, and the festering carcass of the animal was allowed to remain until, as a means of self-protection, the order was issued by the Washington Fertilizing Company to remove the private party to remove the carcass. When the public understands that the private party referred to was ready and willing to remove the carcass without any compensation whatever, the man engaged by the Washington Fertilizing Company may be engaged correctly.

The Globe believes that the public is alive to the danger incurred by this neglect of the garbage company, and that it is about thirty miles from the city, on the Virginia side, where the company has its plant for the proper disposal of the collection. Of course, it is easy to surmise that the company prefers hauling and consuming in bulk rather than the daily collection, as per the terms of their contract, hence the section referred to—New Jersey avenue and K street S. E.—is a good place to keep a mile or two to the windward of, as there is always a good supply in hand of epidemic breeding material, warranted to decimate a whole city under a favorable start. If private parties can not only afford, but are dead willing, to remove dead dogs, horses, and other carcases from the streets, why should the Government, who are the persons to hold responsible for the negligence, Superintendent Stutler even is comparatively blameless in the matter. The District Commissioners, who are aware of the nuisance and the deadly danger at this time of year, from decaying vegetable matter, which as every physician knows, is the most insidious as well as the surest breeder of epidemics, are the responsible parties.

The Globe, on behalf of the public, demands of the District Commissioners that this matter be attended to forthwith and the Fertilizing Company compelled to comply with the terms of their contract. Is this asking or demanding too much of alleged public servants?

THE NAVY YARD.

The Globe Will Be Pleased to Hear Often from "Machinist."

Editor Globe:

Having perused your estimable paper with a great deal of interest, I take the liberty to write about the Navy Yard, of which I have seen very little, in fact, almost nothing, in your columns. The International Association of Machinists (the union) had to fight every inch of their road to procure for those who work in that branch of the Government's workshop, the same trade that is not free from danger, fifteen (15) days leave per annum with pay.

"Now that they have won, in as fair and honorable a struggle as ever was fought, an insubordinate commander issues an order that no less than five days leave will be granted at one time."

"The health of the whole city is being imperiled by this, and it is not a question of money, but a matter of the most flagrant official neglect by well-paid public servants."

Several communications on the garbage nuisance have been received. The Globe has fully covered the subject elsewhere. The communications, however, are valuable and will be filed as evidence of the universal complaint against this crying evil. One correspondent says truly:

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AN EPIDEMIC

Threatened the City Through the Neglect of the Commissioners.

ROTTEN ANIMAL CARCASSES

Under a Hot Sun and Decaying Vegetable Matter Littering the Streets, Alleys, and Outhouses, Poisoning the Atmosphere and Breeding Sickness—The Fertilizing Company's Failure to Live Up to Their Contract.

That an epidemic has not already been the result of the negligence of Superintendent Stutler, is one of those special acts of Providence which protect the city from its most insidious dangers. The weather which has prevailed in Washington during the past week has a frightful auxiliary in dead carion and poisonous vegetable matter littering some of our streets, and the spread of a contagion which the residents of K street, no more than Foggy Bottom, would not be immune from, once it got a start.

To come down to facts, and demonstrate the negligence charged against the well-paid official named above, whose employers, the District Commissioners, appear to exercise no control over, the Sunday Globe informs a startled public that the body of a dead horse remained for twenty-four hours where it fell without being removed, as per contract with the Washington Fertilizing Company.

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THE "LOBBY"

Got \$10,000 Out of the \$30,000 Collected at the G. P. O.

AN INFAMOUS DISTINCTION

Honest Mechanics and Laborers Graded Lower than the Negro Clerk—The Republican Congress to Be Asked, Without the Assistance of a Lobby, to Place the White Laborer on a Level with the Negro Clerk.

Two years ago the printers and binders in the Government Printing Office received an increase of wages. This was not accomplished without the expenditure of a large sum of money to secure the influence and cooperation of the "third House," known as the "lobby." Hence an assessment was levied on the employees to be benefited by the legislation of \$25 each. The total sum collected aggregated some \$30,000.

It has now leaked out, and the employees are mumbling it under their mustaches (that is those who wear such facial ornaments) that the "lobby" received for its services the sum of \$10,000, leaving a balance of \$20,000 to be accounted for. It appears, from a communication which is here inserted that there is in contemplation the levying of another assessment to secure "such" legislation, and some of the bolder ones among the 3,000 odd printers and binders are bracing themselves for a vigorous kick.

Here is the communication:

Who Got The Booze

Editor Globe:

When the printers and bookbinders received an increase of wages, about two years since, the necessary "legislation" cost the G. P. O. printers and bookbinders \$25 each, the sum aggregating more than \$30,000. It was alleged by the trade journals that the sum of \$10,000, leaving a balance of \$20,000 to be accounted for. It appears, from a communication which is here inserted that there is in contemplation the levying of another assessment to secure "such" legislation, and some of the bolder ones among the 3,000 odd printers and binders are bracing themselves for a vigorous kick.

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